VOL. II. **LITERARY TABLET.** No. XXV.

BY NICHOLAS ORLANDO.

ORIGINAL PRODUCTIONS.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

THE CATERER—N°. IV.

MR. EDITOR,

OUR friend devoted ſome portion of his time to the arduous buſineſs of lexicography. Whether, like Johnſon, he collected and defined words amid "inconvenience and in diſtraction, in ſickneſs and in ſorrow," is uncertain. It is, however, probable that he was not totally exempt from all the miſeries, which attend the ſtudious and learned. The hiſtory of them in all ages is a continued ſtory of poverty and afflictions; of induſtry without reward, and the beſtowment of favors without gratitude. The few, who have found friends and patrons, have generally found too that there may be friendſhip without aſſiſtance and patronage without ſupport. The patronage of the great is commonly offered on conditions, too hard and ſervile, to be accepted by a refined and generous mind. To ſuch a mind the horrors of poverty are not half ſo terrible as the obligation to praiſe a man for virtues he does not poſſeſs, and for talents when he has only vanity.—Johnſon never made but one dedication, and that his patron as well as himſelf ſoon found abundant reaſons to lament. We believe his ideas of a patron were not very exalted, altho' he received from Lord Cheſterfield almoſt *forty ſhillings* for the dedication of the proſpectus of his dictionary. In the three firſt editions of his tranſlation of Juvenal's tenth ſatire was found the following diſtich.

> "Yet think what ills the ſcholar's life aſſail;
> Pride, envy, want, the *garret* and the jail."

But after he had become acquainted with the munificent patronage of the great and noble Lord, he altered it to read,

> "Yet think what ills the ſcholar's life aſſail;
> Pride, envy, want, the PATRON and the jail."

Of our friend's labors in this department of literature, the moths, great enemies to works of genius, have left us only enough to excite our regret for what is loſt. A dictionary, which ſhould compriſe all the words, which we have had the enterpriſe to coin, and thoſe likewiſe, whoſe meaning we have entirely changed, would be a great deſideratum in American literature. The work, well executed, would eternize the name of its author, and give luſtre to the literary character of our country. A gentleman, very reſpectable for his acquirements, once commenced the mighty undertaking, but we are told, ſoon fainted, finding it infinitely ſuperior to the abilities of any ſingle individual, however great his talents and aſſiduity. I think we may deſpair of ever ſeeing it accompliſhed, unleſs undertaken by a ſociety of gentlemen conſtituted ſimilar to the National Inſtitute of France, or the Royal Society of London. The ſociety ſhould be under the direct patronage and ſupport of government. It is, indeed, a ſubject well worthy its attention. The firſt object of any government ought to be to promote the happineſs of the people, the ſecond to give dignity and reputation to national character. Our ſituation and habits bar every acceſs to glory thro' the gates of war. Let it be ſought then in the cultivation and patronage of the ſciences and arts. Let it be remembered that Greece and Rome live not more by the exploits of their generals, than by the writings of their poets and philoſophers, their hiſtorians and orators.

In forming this ſociety, our country ſhould be ſeparated into diſtricts, over each of which ſhould preſide a Prefect. It ſhould be the duty of the Prefect to collect carefully all the new words and peculiar modes of expreſſion, that may prevail in his diſtrict, and forward them to the Grand Committee, who ſhould ſit at the ſeat of government. This Grand Committee ſhould be compoſed of five hundred members, and ſit, at leaſt, ſix months every year to arrange and methodize the words, ſent them by the Prefects of the ſeveral diſtricts. They ſhould receive the ſame pay and enjoy the ſame privileges as the members of Congreſs. Two great advantages would attend the ſetting of the Grand Committee at the ſeat of government. Thither communications might be forwarded, with great facility from every part of the country, and one or two of the members, attending the debates in congreſs, would be able to make, daily, great additions to their vocabulary. From this ſource the French, the Dutch, the Iriſh and the Scots would pour their copious ſtreams to fertilize the American tongue. Our language would ſoon be made as rich and ſonorous as the Greek, ſtrong and dignified as the Latin. To emulate to induſtry, there ſhould be a conſtitutional article of the ſociety, ordering a gold medal, ſtruck with proper devices, to be given annually to the member, who ſhould collect the moſt unheard of and new-coined words, and the moſt anomalous and provincial phraſes. The period when an object ſo deſirable will be effected cannot be aſcertained. Human ingenuity cannot divine the time when the ſentiments of the people will ſupport government in ſo laudable and uſeful an undertaking. It is, however, to be hoped the adminiſtration, whoſe wiſe policy has made ſuch *pacific* conqueſt, that the ſun, in half his journey, ſits not on our dominions, will be mindful that the inſtitution and patronage of ſuch a ſociety would be as glorious to *them* as *that* acquiſition of territory will be eventually uſeful to their conſtituents.

To give you ſome idea of the plan on which our friend began his dictionary, I ſhall ſend only a few words, which have paſſed the criticiſm of my friend, Dr. Semiquaver,* who ſays that ſuch a dictionary would carry our language to the *ἀκμὴ* of its beauty, and be the *ſine qua non* of its perfection.

"Lengthy. a. Americé. Long, protracted, far extended.

He is a *lengthy* writer, but has much recapitulation with little originality.

SEMIQUAVER.

I ſhall not, Mr. Speaker, at this late hour of debate, trouble the houſe with a *lengthy* argument on this queſtion. S. ORACLE.

From this mountain lies a *lengthy* proſpect as far as the eye can reach.

Compoſuiſt. s. (From the Latin componopoſui.) A writer, compoſer and author.

He is a good *compoſuiſt* but very deficient in Mathematics.

He compoſed very poorly when he entered College, but he *graduated* the beſt *compoſuiſt* in his claſs—Addiſon I like, but Johnſon was the greateſt *compoſuiſt* of his age.

Graduate. v. To receive the honors of College, to be dignified with a degree in an Univerſity.

In England this word ſignifies *to* dignify with a degree, to *beſtow* the honors of College, to mark degrees on a ſcale. Thus the Officers of College were ſaid to *graduate* its ſtudents, and the ſtudents were ſaid *to be* graduated—Anglicé "he was graduated," Americè he graduated. I can ſee no reaſon why the American authors ſhould acknowledge the authority of Britiſh. Are we not an Independent people? May not words change their meaning as well as ſpirits their qualities in croſſing the waters?"

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* *Dr. Semiquaver will ſoon be known to the world by the invention of a critical balance, which is conſtructed on ſuch philoſophical principles, and ſo nicely graduated, that ſuſpend it over any compoſition, and you are immediately told the preciſe degree of praiſe or cenſure it merits. When genius is not original, it always improves upon its model. Homer, in the twenty-ſecond Iliad, makes Jupiter weigh in* ſcales *the iſſe of the battle between Achilles and Hector.—Milton refines upon this, but Semiquaver has excelled them both. Of what importance* or *dignity are the battles of Gods and Demi-gods compared to the awful conteſts of conflicting critics?*

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

SUBLIMITY OF THE SCRIPTURES.

Mr. ORLANDO,

FROM my obſervation of the conduct of mankind in various places, I have frequently reflected on an idea ſuggeſted by Plinny, that "aliis nullus eſt deorum reſpectus, aliis pudendus; *ſome do not worſhip the Gods at all, and others do it in a ſhameful manner.*" There are probably but few, who in principle deny the exiſtence of a God, and the truth of the moſt eſſential articles of revealed religion; yet that the practice

of a large proportion of mankind does not answer even to the weakeſt of ſuch profeſſions, is evident to every candid obſerver. The great neglect of practical religion, which prevails through our country, muſt excite painful ſenſations in every pious mind; and the ignorance of revealed truths, which reigns over a large claſs of citizens, is truly aſtoniſhing. While multitudes live and act, as though deſtitute of the moſt diſtant ideas of accountability, and treat religious exerciſes with more neglect than the idle tales of weak imaginations, others through careleſſneſs or voluntary ignorance, form ſuch groſs conceptions of divine things, as more reſemble the wild enthuſiaſm of the Savage, and ſuperſtition of the Hottentot, than any thing revealed in the Holy Bible. Theſe miſconceptions, I ſay, ariſe from careleſſneſs or voluntary ignorance. Superficially peruſing the ſacred ſcriptures, or entirely neglecting a peruſal of them, they make the object of worſhip,

"As dreadful as the Manichean God
"Ador'd through fear, ſtrong only to deſtroy,"

or no better than that of Epicurus, ſeated in the heavens with folded arms, enjoying profound eaſe and tranquility, and far from perplexing himſelf about the affairs of the puny race of mankind; in either caſe denying the care of a kind Providence, which in infinite goodneſs, directs and governs all events.—I have frequently ſought a reaſon for this neglect of the Scriptures, and heard various ones aſſigned, but none, I think, ſo abſurd, and yet perhaps ſo common, as 'that in general they are ſo unintereſting, ſo incoherent, and written in ſo dry and mean a ſtyle, that they afford no ſatisfaction.' My preſent limits will not permit me to enter into a formal refutation of each of theſe charges. The latter was ſuggeſted to me a few days ſince, and for my own gratification I was induced to examine a few paſſages, which I think ſufficient to ſhew the weakneſs of the objection, and which I here ſubmit, with a few reflections, to your peruſal, and to publication if thought worthy. They are quoted from the tranſlation of Biſhop Lowth, and are ſuch as have their imagery taken from the objects of nature, from common life, from ſacred topics, and from ſacred hiſtory.

The firſt of the former kind which I notice, is that ſublime example the Pſalmiſt affords us when he pours forth his ſorrows in the following ſtrains;

"Deep calleth unto deep, in the voice of thy cataracts
"All thy waves and thy billows have gone over me."

The Prophet Iſaiah ſpeaks of the bleſſings GOD would beſtow upon the Iſraelites after their return from the Babylonian exile;

"I will open in the high places rivers;
"And in the midſt of vallies fountains:
"I will make the deſert a ſtanding pool,
"And the dry ground ſtreams of water.
"In the wilderneſs I will give the cedar;
"The acaſia, the myrtle and the true producing oil:
"I will plant the fig-tree in the deſert,
"The pine and the box together;"

and Joel of the golden age,

"The mountains ſhall drop down new wine,
"And the hills ſhall flow with milk,
"And all the rivers of Judah ſhall flow with water, &c."

Of imagery taken from objects in common life I ſhall tranſcribe only the following paſſage, in which, under the figure of a wine preſs, the Prophet Iſaiah depicts the Meſſiah coming to take vengeance on his enemies.

"Who is this that cometh from Edom?
"With garments deeply dyed from Boſra?
"This that is magnificent in his apparel;
"Marching in the greatneſs of his ſtrength?
"I who publiſh righteouſneſs and am mighty to ſave,
"Wherefore is thine apparel red?
"And thy garments as one that treadeth the wine-vat?
"I have trodden the vat alone;
"And of the people there was not a man with me.
"And I trod them in mine anger;
"And I trampled on them in mine indignation;
"And their life-blood was ſprinkled upon my garments;
"And I have ſtained all my apparel."

The following is an example of imagery from ſacred topics, in which the Pſalmiſt ſpeaks of the greatneſs and power of Jehovah, in figures borrowed from the tabernacle.

"Thou art inveſted with majeſty and glory;
"Covering thyſelf with light as with a garment;
"Stretching out the heavens as a curtain;
"Laying the beams of his chambers in the waters;
"Making the clouds his chariot;
"Walking upon the wings of the wind;
"Making the winds his meſſengers,
"And his miniſters a flaming fire;
"Who founded the earth upon its baſis,
"That it ſhould not be diſplaced for more than ages."

What can be more ſublime than the poetry of the Prophets, when their figures are taken from ſacred hiſtory? From multitudes of examples I ſhall ſelect only two; in the firſt of which Iſaiah deſcribes the puniſhment to be inflicted by the Almighty, on the wicked, in imagery taken from the deſtruction of Sodom.

"He ſhall rain live coals upon the ungodly,
"Fire and ſulphur and a burning ſtorm.—
"For it is a day of vengeance to JEHOVAH;
"The year of recompence to the defender of the cauſe of Sion.
"And her torrents ſhall be turned into pitch:
"And her duſt into ſulphur, &c."

The deſcription of Jehovah coming to execute judgment and diſplay his divine power upon the earth, is embelliſhed with imagery from the awful ſcene exhibited on mount Sinai, at the delivery of the law.

"The earth ſhook and was alarmed,
"And the foundations of the hills rocked with terror,
"For the wrath of Jehovah was hot againſt them.
"Before his face a ſmoke aſcended,
"A flame conſumed before his preſence,
"Burning fires were kindled by it.
"He bowed the heavens and came down,
"He rode upon the pinions of the cherubim,
"And flew on the wings of the wind.
"He concealed himſelf in a vail of darkneſs;
"A pavillion encompaſſed him
"Of black water and thick clouds of aether.
"From the brightneſs before him thick clouds paſt along,
"Hail ſtones and burning fires.
"JEHOVAH thundered in the heavens;
"And the moſt high GOD ſent forth his voice;
"He ſhot out his arrows and diſperſed the enemies,
"And he multiplied his thunder and confounded them."

Comment upon theſe paſſages would but weaken their force. Their language is too exalted to need human praiſe; and the vain objector cannot but bluſh for his ignorance and ſtupidity.

Many of the beauties of the Hebrew writings doubtleſs are obſcured by their antiquity; yet from an attentive peruſal of them we cannot but admire their purity, perſpicuity, and ſublimity both in language and ſentiment.—The oriental writers have always been much attached to figurative expreſſion. Scarce a production of theirs is extant but abounds with imagery. This is peculiarly obſervable in the Hebrew writings, and if they be examined by the ſtricteſt rules of criticiſm they will be found unequalled in the purity of their ſtyle, the propriety of their figures, and ſublimity of their expreſſion. "Here," ſays an eminent author, "we may contemplate poetry in its very beginning; not ſo much the offspring of human genius, as an emanation from heaven; not gradually increaſing by ſmall acceſſions, but from its birth poſſeſſing a certain maturity both of beauty and ſtrength; not adminiſtering to trifling paſſions, and offering its delicious incenſe at the ſhrine of vanity, but the prieſteſs of divine truth, the internunciate between earth and heaven."

Y.

SELECTIONS.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

THE COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA

VS.

JOSEPH CABRERA.

MAYOR'S COURT OF THE CITY OF PHILADELPHIA.

ON Friday, July 9th, this diſtinguiſhed priſoner being placed at the bar, before a reſpectable Jury, the charges for forging and uttering three checks drawn and preſented in the name of the Spaniſh Ambaſſador, the Marquis de Caſa Yrujo, upon the Bank of Pennſylvania, for the ſums of 600, 1000, and 300 dollars, were opened againſt him by Mr. Charles Ingerſoll. The trial was unavoidably protracted by two long adjournments, and laſted twenty-two hours in ſeſſion. The queſtion was voluminious and detailed, and occupied about 12 hours. On the part of the commonwealth it went to ſhow the priſoner's expenſive and extravagant mode of living, and the narrowneſs of his means, from whence it was to be inferred that he muſt have reſorted to artifices and forgery in order to ſuſtain his great expences.—The preſentation at the Bank of the third check confeſſedly by Cabrera's direction, and the ſimilarity of the writing in this to the two preceding checks. For the priſoner it was ſworn by ſeveral witneſſes that he was a man of illuſtrious family and connections, and it was attempted to be proved that he had received the laſt check from a Frenchman, who however ſwore in abſolute denial of this charge and was confirmed by ſtrong evidence of witneſſes as well as corroborating circumſtances. When the teſtimony was cloſed, the caſe was ſpoken to by Meſſrs. Heartley and Lewis for the priſoner, and Mr. Charles Ingerſoll and the Attorney General for the proſecution—theſe diſcuſſions were circumſtantial and animated. At ten o'clock Wedneſday night, the Recorder delivered a full and accurate charge; and at 11

on Thurſday morning the Jury returned with a verdict of Guilty. Tueſday morning the 16th inſt. after an impreſſive addreſs, the Recorder pronounced the priſoner's ſentence to two years impriſonment at hard labor and a fine of 2000 dollars. During the whole of the trial the priſoners conduct was compoſed, gentlemanlike and becoming. The weather was extremely hot, and the hall very much crowded. The juſtice done this man on this occaſion, in the circumſtances, manner, and event of his trial, is honorable to the court and jury, and cannot fail to impreſs his country with highly favorable ſentiments of the impartial integrity of American Tribunals.

FROM THE PORT FOLIO.

WHAT IS MY THOUGHT LIKE?

BY way of relieving common topics, we agreed, the other night, in a genteel mixed company, where I was preſent, to play at What is it Like? But as ſome of your readers may not know this old Engliſh play from its general title, permit me to explain it to them. The method is this: ſome one of the company is choſen a preſident, who appoints a theme for the reſt to work upon, by thinking of ſome one perſon or thing, and demanding of every one preſent, What it is like. The preſident, by the bye, does not diſcloſe the object of his thoughts till each has firſt named his ſimilitude. This done, he publiſhes aloud what he thought on, and calls upon every one in turn to make good his compariſon.

The ſetches and ſtrains of invention on this occaſion are very diverting, and often afford as much matter for admiration as for mirth. The preſident for the time being is the ſole judge, and, after a full hearing, declares whoſe ſimilitude appears to be moſt a-propos; whereupon ſome little prize is aſſigned to the victor.

The lady of the houſe, whoſe good ſenſe and agreeable temper would procure her the privilege of leading moſt aſſemblies, had the chair for this night. Round her ſat five other ladies and five gentlemen. As ſoon therefore as ſhe had determined on the ſubject, ſhe put the queſtion, and every one was aſked What it was like? But as I have not permiſſion to give the names of the company, I ſhall only make uſe of the Chriſtian names of the ladies, and uſe fictious ones for the gentlemen.

Athenais compared it to a ſconce; Charlotte to ſnuff; Aurelia to a bog; Diana to a ſpaniel; Dorothy to a lock; Mentor to Don Quixote; Dick Tell-truth to a mat; Jack Sarcaſm to a toad; Will Banter to butter; and Colonel Standard to gun-powder.

When each had delivered an opinion in this order, the preſident named MODERN PATRIOTISM to be the ſubject ſhe had pitched upon, and then going round, demanded of each perſon a reaſon for their compariſons, which they juſtified in the following manner.

Athenais ſaid Modern Patriotiſm was like a ſconce, becauſe it reflected upon the light.

Charlotte ſaid, it was like ſnuff, valued for being pungent.

Aurelia pleaded it was like a bog, becauſe whoever entered on it muſt either ſink or keep in motion.

Diana contended it was like a ſpaniel, becauſe it fawned when it had a mind to come in, and barked when it was utterly excluded.

Dorothy ſaid, it was like a lock, never to come further than the door, and then to be managed by a maſter-key.

Mentor compared it to Don Quixote, becauſe it was the complete character of lunacy.

Dick Tell-truth argued it was like a mat, made only to be trodden upon.

Jack Sarcaſm likened it to a toad, becauſe it had a wide mouth, quick eyes, and a belly full of poiſon; it ſubſiſted upon the thinneſt diet, and whenever it complained, it was always a ſign of good weather.

Will Banter compared it to butter, becauſe the leaſt degree of natural heat ſpoiled its conſiſtency.

Colonel Standard, who was aſked laſt, defended his compariſon, by ſaying it was like gun-powder, becauſe it began in a blaze, and ended in a ſtench.

The ſeveral ſimilies being thus explained, the Lady Preſident gave judgment in the following manner: "That ſhe had never before ſeen the opinions of chance ſo ably defended and aſſimilated; but as it fell under her peculiar juriſdiction to adjudge the priority to ſome one perſon, her moſt impartial judgment led her to beſtow it on Colonel Standard, who had not only given a juſt ſimile, but had in that ſimile, and the reaſon for it, abridged the whole hiſtory of MODERN PATRIOTISM."

FARRAGO.

POUGHKEEPSIE, JULY 23.

EXECUTION OF SHAVER.

On Friday laſt (the 19th inſt.) was executed on the commons in the vicinity of this village, purſuant to his ſentence, PETER SHAVER, of Rhinebeck, for the murder of his ſiſter, in October laſt. He was attended to the place of execution by the Reverend Clergy; the Rev. Mr. Clark delivered an appropriate diſcourſe to the ſpectators from the Scaffold, and a ſuitable addreſs to the criminal. The Rev. M. Chaſe offered up a fervent and animating prayer to the throne of Almighty Grace, after which, exhortations and prayers were made by the Rev. Mr. Palmer, and the Rev. Mr. Dellen.

The criminal joined in prayer with the clergy, attended with appropriate ſolicitude their exhortations, and at interveals attentively peruſed the ſcriptures of truth which he held in his hands; he alſo joined in a hymn which was ſung on the occaſion. He then aſcended the ſcaffold, and after taking leave of the clergy and the Sheriffs, at 10 minutes before 2 o'clock P. M. was launched from vigorous life into the unknown regions of boundleſs eternity. How intereſting, how ſolemn, how impreſſive the ſcene! May it have a ſuitable effect on all our hearts, and teach us to bridle our headlong paſſions! The unhappy criminal behaved with decent firmneſs and calm fortitude, and died, we have reaſon to hope, in the pardoning and comforting conſolations of of a glorious and merciful Redeemer. He was in the 45th year of his age.

A letter has been recently received in this city from the celebrated Antoine Marie Vaſſalli Eandi, Profeſſor of Phyſic, and Secretary of the Royal Academy of Sciences and Fine Arts at Turin, wherein information is contained highly intereſting to the medical world, reſpecting ſeveral extraordinary cures, which have been performed in Italy by the uſe of the oxygenated muriatic acid, which has been adminiſtered externally, with great ſucceſs in cancerous complaints, and when taken internally has been found ſucceſsful in the cure of typhus-icterodes (or yellow fever). We learn from the ſame ſource that a mine of pure antimony has been diſcovered in the mountains of Italy.

[*Charleſton Courier.*

The Hon. John Quincy Adams, Eſq. has been unanimouſly elected, by the Corporation and Overſeers of Harvard College, *Boyliſton* Profeſſor of Rhetorick and Oratory, for that Univerſity, being the firſt Profeſſor on that foundation.

The Hon. JOHN PHILLIPS, jun. of Andover, has preſented and excellent BELL to Fryburg Academy.

TO CORRESPONDENTS & SUBSCRIBERS.

DIEGO's long expected eſſay has juſt arrived, and ſhall ſoon have the attention it deſerves.

LAURINDA will pleaſe to accept our thanks for her late communications. Having received ſeveral productions of a prior date, our fair correſpondent muſt pardon our not giving her papers a place in the next number. If the publication of the Tablet be continued another year, her compoſitions will have an early inſertion in the third volume; if not, they will be ſent to the *ſuppoſed* author in a few weeks.

Thoſe ſubſcribers, who have not received all the numbers of the Tablet, the 26th excepted, can ſupply the deficiencies gratis, by making immediate application to the Printer. If any wiſh to ceaſe taking this Paper, ſhould it be continued, they are requeſted to inform the Proprietor and make payment for the ſecond volume.

MARRIED,

In Boſton, Mr. Benjamin Parks, Printer, to Mrs. Lucy Fiſher.

In Keene, Mr. Ebenezer Daniels, to Miſs Patty Mann.

DIED,

In Sherburn, (N. Y.) Mr. —— Clark; he dropped down and expired inſtantly, while attending the funeral of his ſiſter.

At Lyme (Con.) Capt. William Sterling, killed by his ſon-in-law in a fit of infanity.

At Cambridge, Jacob S. Willard, aged 17, ſon of the late Preſident Willard, and ſtudent at the Univerſity. He was a youth of the moſt amiable and promiſing character.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

ON SCIENCE.

(Continued from page 96.)

SURVEY with candor the hiſtoric page,
'Tis crinſon'd o'er with carnage, fluſh'd with rage;
'Tis pale with envy, ſlander and deſpair,
Pale with ſelf-made diſeaſe, with grief and care;
'Tis black with all the vices that deſtroy,
Fame, reputation, honor, comfort, joy.
"Whence are theſe blots," you aſk, "this foul diſgrace,
Theſe ſtains of infamy in Adam's race?"
Let the ſagacious moraliſt impart
The ſecret ſprings, that actuate the heart;
Tell from what fountain moral evil came;
Tell whence originated ſin and ſhame.
Man did not fall becauſe he knew no more;
Nor will all ſcience e'er his fall reſtore;
But ſure it greatly tends to meliorate
The ills he ſuffers in the preſent ſtate.
It tends to render life more truly bleſt,
And give to all its joys a keener zeſt;
To make man ſocial, virtuous, humane, kind,
And wake the ſoft affections of the mind;
Pure friendſhip heighten, love for all inſpire,
And warm the ſoul with ſympathetic fire.

Sweet converſation, whence proceeds its pow'r
To animate, to brighten life's dull hour?
Is it the brutal roar, the ſavage din,
The parrot's chatter, or the monkey's grin,
That conſtitutes the pleaſure? Surely no—
Except 'mong Hottentots or Eſquimeaux.
The converſation that's with ſcience fraught,
That brings to view no low, no trivial thought,
Where all is rational, improving, chaſte,
Is what delights, what gratifies pure taſte.
The votaries of ſcience love to meet,
Far from the noiſy, in ſome calm retreat;
There paſs their ſocial hours without alloy;
(For intellectual pleaſures never cloy;)
Thro' nature's mirrour, nature's God ſurvey;
That God whoſe ſmile lights up eternal day.

Friendſhip's a plant that grows not in a ſoil,
Unbroken, unimprov'd by care and toil.
In grounds uncultur'd if you ſow the ſeeds,
They ſpring, but ſoon are choak'd by noxous weeds;
They die; juſt as the bud begins to ope,
They die; and with them dies inſpiring hope.
Theſe truths have been deni'd. By ſome 'tis ſaid,
That men, where liberal arts and ſcience ſpread,
Are not ſo open, heneſt, and ſincere;
To friends ungrateful, to their foes ſevere;
In fraud more deeply ſkill'd, in juſtice leſs
Than the barbarian of the wilderneſs.
Why judge they thus? 'Tis plain. The error lies
In want of knowledge, in what they deſpiſe;
Let them their barren minds with wiſdom ſtore,
They will preſume to reaſon ſo no more.
If in thoſe favor'd realms, where ſcience reigns,
Men ſtill are men, depravity remains,
This does not prove that ignorance is beſt,
That knowledge tends to render life unbleſt.
Want you examples? View the ſavage clan,
And weep o'er the degraded ſtate of man.
Involv'd in mental darkneſs, horrid night!
The ſun of ſcience never caught their ſight.
To them are wholly loſt thoſe joys refin'd,
Thoſe charms that fire the cultivated mind.
Their hopes of happineſs all ultimate,
On objects of a tranſitory date.
Soon tir'd of life, becauſe the ſweets of ſenſe
Quick grow inſipid; left in ſad ſuſpence,
They drag a pitiful exiſtence out,
Envelop'd in anxiety and doubt.
Do thoſe bright hours, ſpent by the good and wiſe,
Among the rolling orbs in yonder ſkies;
Do contemplations ſo ſublime, auguſt,
Excite no rapture in the ſons of duſt?
No more impreſſion make than fleeting dreams,
Which riſe and vaniſh ere the morning beams?
A knowledge of that volume, whoſe bright page
Illumes the path of youth, the vale of age;
That ſyſtem of morality, whoſe blaze
Blots out the wiſdom of all heathen days;
Say, will the mountains piles of golden ore,
Or radiant gems, that ſparkle ocean's floor,
The want of revelation e'er ſupply?
Or teach man how to live, or how to die?
Will they once ſatisfy the ſoul's deſires?
Or keep alive its never dying fires?
Chriſtianity! affords it not a charm
To ſoften fear, death's venom'd ſting diſarm?
No vivid beam to penetrate the gloom,
Which thickens round the cold, and diſmal tomb?
No conſolation to anticipate
Immortal tranſports in a future ſtate?
What are corporeal pleaſures, weigh'd with theſe?
Can they give ſatisfaction? can they pleaſe?
How ſhort the bliſs! how fragile! by one ſtroke,
The fond deluſion's gone, the bubble's broke;
Meek-ey'd Chriſtianity, with her, our years
Roll on ſerene as yonder radiant ſpheres,
O'er various life ſhe caſts a ſmiling ray,
Which adverſe fortune never frowns away.

(To be continued.)

SELECTED POETRY.

TO MY COUSIN ANNE BODHAM,

On receiving from her a Net-work Purſe.

BY WM. COWPER, ESQ.

MY gentle Anne, whom heretofore,
When I was young, and thou no more
Than plaything for a nurſe,
I danced and fondled on my knee,
A kitten both in ſize and glee!
I thank thee for my Purſe.

Gold pays the worth of all things here;
But not of Love:—that gem's too dear
For richeſt rogues to win it;
I, therefore, as a proof of love,
Eſteem thy preſent far above
The beſt things kept within it.

FROM THE PORT FOLIO.

EPITAPH

TO THE MEMORY OF THOMAS CHATTERTON.

HERE reſts, who living never taſted reſt,
And died unpitied as he lived unbleſt.
From life's plain path by genius led aſtray,
He wander'd penſive till he loſt his way;
But early found the gay deluſion ceaſe,
Sunk weary to the grave, and ſlept in peace.
If ſome ſoft eye ſhould ſhed a generous tear,
Or ſome kind hand ſtrew flow'rs upon his bier,
Oh! chooſe thoſe flow'rs that beſt his fate diſplay,
That early bloom, and unobſerv'd decay—
Bloſſoms that fade before their fruit is born,
The roſe that withers on its parent thorn.
Narciſſus pale, that peeping from its bed,
Beholds the low'ring ſkies, and droops its head;
The ſnowdrop raſh, that ſudden froſts invade,
The ſlighted vi'let, breathing in the ſhade;
Each plant to mourning ſacred, ſolemn yew,
And ſorrow's choſen emblem, bitter rue,
Strew theſe around, and mindful of his lays,
Grant him—'tis much his due, one ſprig of bays.
But fly ye ſons of wealth, whoſe ſordid ſouls;
No faith, no patience, no remorſe controuls;
Who, deaf to juſtice, deaf to honor's voice,
Accept a ſervice, but refuſe the price;
Falſe friends, falſe patrons, all the lazy train,
For whom unhappy genius blooms in vain.
Dull critics muſt with learned duſt be ſpread,
Irreverend ſpoilers of the ſacred dead—
Prieſts ſcant of goodneſs, but replete with grace
That in implicit faith all virtue place:
Fly, fly, no more his hollow'd reſt invade,
Or dread the preſence of his injur'd ſhade.

EPIGRAMS.

A VICAR, long ill, who had treaſur'd up wealth,
Told his curate one Sunday, to pray for his health,
Which oft having done, a pariſhioner ſaid,
That the curate ought rather to wiſh he were dead.
"For my truth," ſays the curate, "let credit be given,
"I ne'er prayed for his death—*but I have for his living.*"

VAPID, with conſtant boaſt, declares,
He ſcarcely ever walks down ſtairs,
But cloſely to his chamber keeps,
At home he dines, and ſups, and ſleeps;
But would you know the reaſon why?—
There's none would keep him company.

FERDINANDO.

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